

# SPAWN



95

DIGITAL  
EDITION



## 95 | CRACKS IN THE FOUNDATION

DEDICATED TO  
ADAM, JACK AND THE WHOLE *LITTLE NICKY* GANG

**PLOT**  
BRIAN HOLGUIN  
TODD McFARLANE

**STORY**  
BRIAN HOLGUIN

**PENCILS**  
GREG CAPULLO

**INKS**  
DANNY MIKI

**COPY EDITOR AND LETTERING**  
TOM ORZECOWSKI

**COLOR**  
DAN KEMP  
BRIAN HABERLIN

**COVER**  
GREG CAPULLO  
TODD McFARLANE

PRESIDENT OF  
ENTERTAINMENT  
TERRY FITZGERALD

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR  
OF PUBLISHING  
BEAU SMITH

MANAGING EDITOR  
MELANIE SIMMONS

ART DIRECTOR  
BRENT ASHE

DESIGNER  
JOHN GALLAGHER

PUBLISHER FOR  
IMAGE COMICS  
JIM VALENTINO

SPAWN CREATED BY  
TODD McFARLANE

### SPAWN 94 SUMMARY

Wanda takes Cyan to a child psychologist hoping to learn the source of her nightmares and inexplicable behavior. However, that widens the chasm between her and Terry as he disagrees with Wanda that Cyan has a problem and leaves during the ensuing argument. Later, Cyan is visited by a being who presents himself as Terry. She becomes frightened and leads the being to Spawn when she runs to him for protection. Wanda interprets Cyan's screaming as another nightmare and when they both fall asleep, Wanda dreams of Al. Wanda later finds out she's pregnant but wonders how conception occurred.





PENNSYLVANIA...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? TURN THAT DOWN...

WHY? I LIKE THIS SONG. LIVE WITH IT.

NOT IN MY CAR.

WHAT, THAT'S LIKE A *RULE* NOW? ANYWAY, IT AIN'T YOUR CAR.

WELL, I'M DRIVING AND I SAY CHANGE IT.

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? I THOUGHT YOU LIKED SKYNYRD.

S'NOT SKYNYRD, YOU IGNORANT TURD! IT'S THE GODDAMN MARSHALL TUCKER BAND!

WHATEVER. LIKE THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

WHAT?  
NOTHING.

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

DO YOU WANT ME TO TURN THIS CAR AROUND?

FORGET IT. I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE SO SENSITIVE...

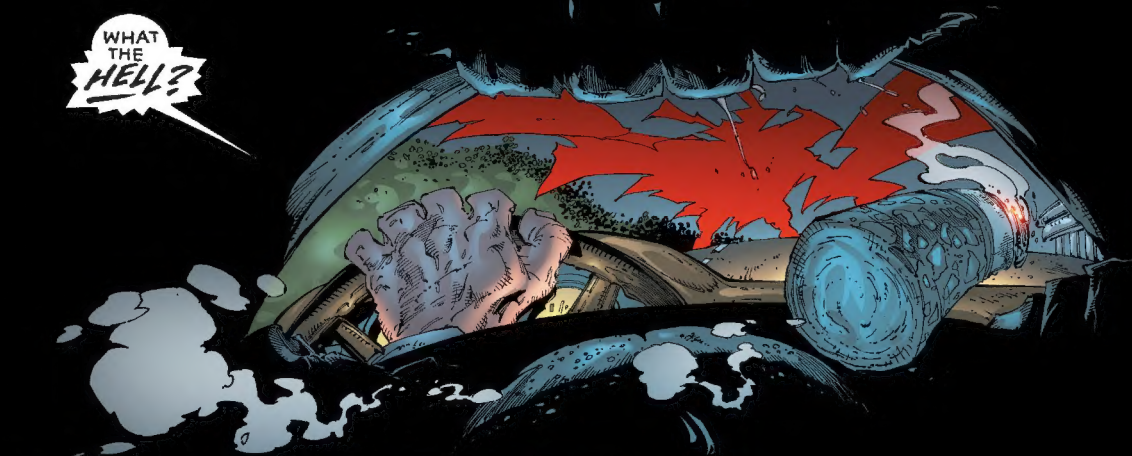


**HOLEEE**  
**MOTHER**  
**OF--**

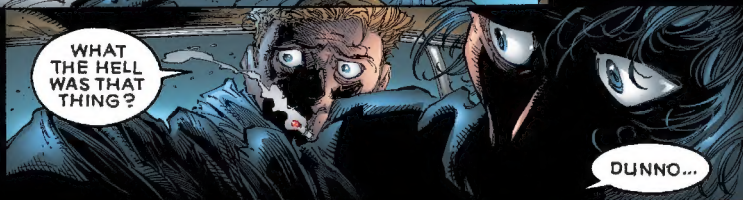




WHAT  
THE  
HELL?



JEEZUS!



WHAT  
THE HELL  
WAS THAT  
THING?

DUNNO...



HAAAAAH!!



CAN'T  
SEE.

LEFT!  
LEFT!  
NOT SO  
HARD!











QUIT BITCHING  
AND GET UP. WE GOT  
WORK TO DO. I TELL YOU...  
COUPLE OF REAL WINNERS  
WE GOT STUCK WITH  
THIS TIME.

YEP.  
MAN, IT'S BEEN  
A WHILE. STILL  
FEELS KINDA WEIRD,  
DON'T IT?

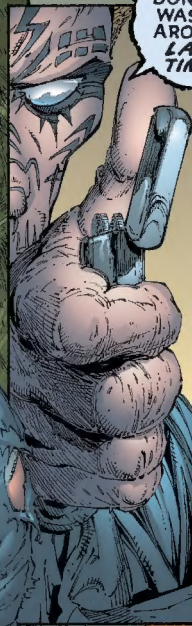


I SUPPOSE.

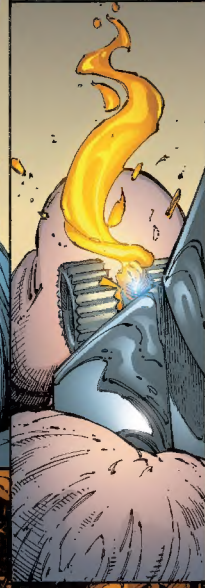
SNFF  
WHAT'S  
THAT  
SMELL?

GASOLINE.

RIGHT.  
GASOLINE.  
I REMEMBER  
NOW.



NO YOU  
DON'T. IT  
WASN'T  
AROUND  
LAST  
TIME.



OKAY. LET'S  
GET MOVING.  
GOT A LONG HIKE  
AHEAD OF US.



QUEENS, NEW YORK.

SO WHAT'RE YOU TELLING ME? THIS IS SOME KIND OF *IMMACULATE CONCEPTION*? IS THAT IT? SOME KIND OF SPONTANEOUS *MIRACLE*?

WELL, THAT'S GREAT! HEY, WE SHOULD CALL THE *POPE*. CALL - CALL CARDINAL MAHONEY OR... LISTEN, I'LL GO AND START PACKING OUR BAGS AND YOU BOOK A FLIGHT TO *BETHLEHEM*.

STOP IT, TERRY.

NO, IT'LL BE GREAT. WE'LL CLEAN UP ON GIFTS FROM *WISE MEN*.

THIS IS VERY COMFORTING. SEE, FOR A BIT THERE I WAS WORRIED.

I MEAN MY *WIFE*, WHO'S BARELY LET ME *TOUCH HER* IN MONTHS, SUDDENLY TELLS ME SHE'S *PREGNANT*, AND, WELL, HEY I START JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS...

STOP IT. THIS ISN'T FUNNY.

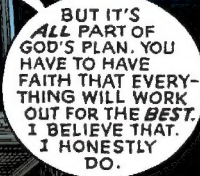
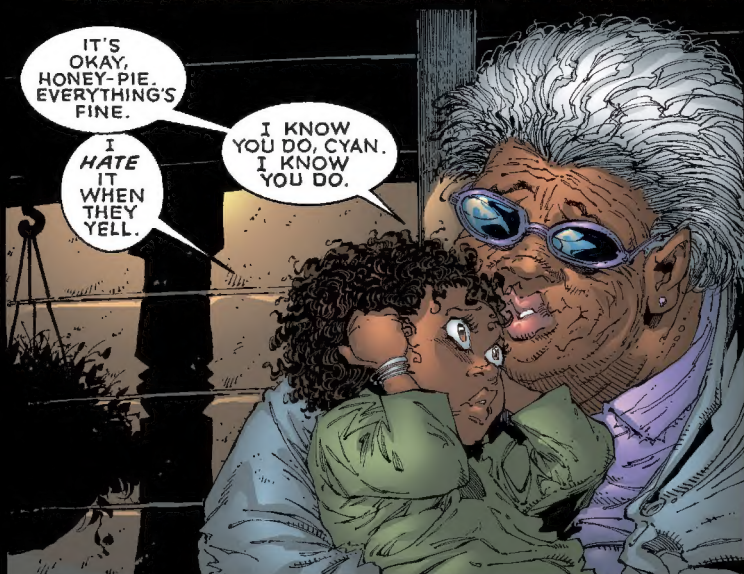
BUT NOW THAT I KNOW THAT A *THEOLOGICAL* EXPLANATION CAN'T BE RULED OUT... BOY, I FEEL MUCH BETTER.

NO, IT SURE ISN'T.

LOOK, I'M ONLY GOING TO SAY THIS *ONCE*. I DON'T *KNOW* EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON...

... BUT DON'T YOU *DARE* ACCUSE ME OF WHAT I THINK YOU'RE ACCUSING ME OF.







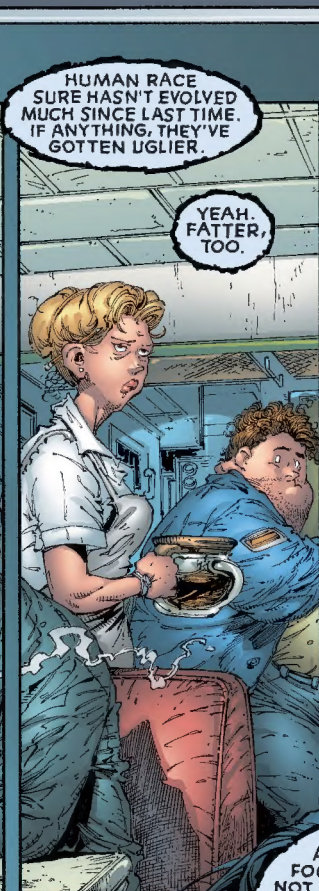


THIS PLACE SUCKS.



JUST LOOK AT 'EM.

DISGUSTING.



HUMAN RACE SURE HASN'T EVOLVED MUCH SINCE LAST TIME. IF ANYTHING, THEY'VE GOTTEN UGLIER.

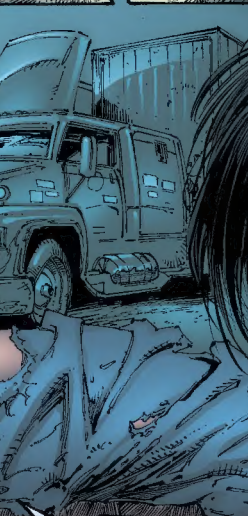
YEAH. FATTER, TOO.



THEY'RE JUST ASKING TO BE WIPED OUT OF CREATION, AREN'T THEY?



GODDAMN RIGHT THEY ARE.

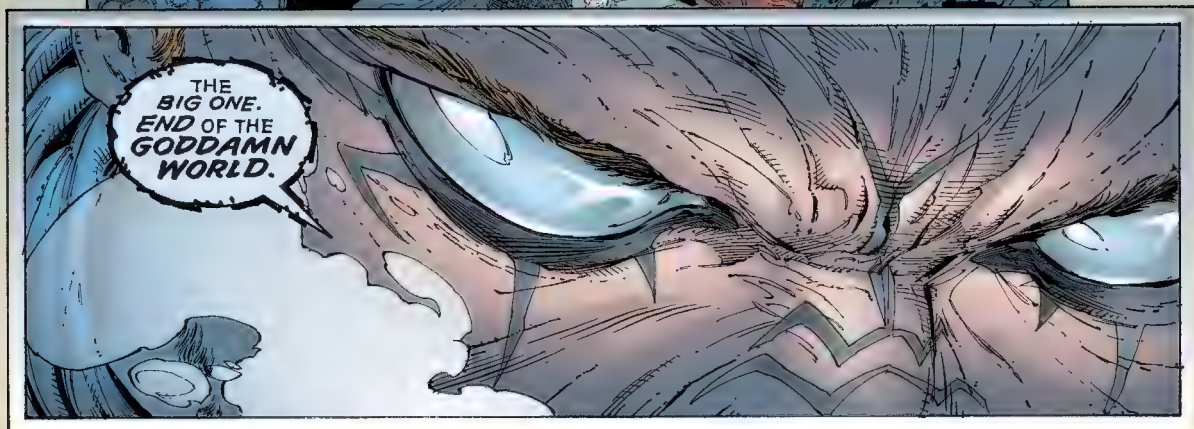
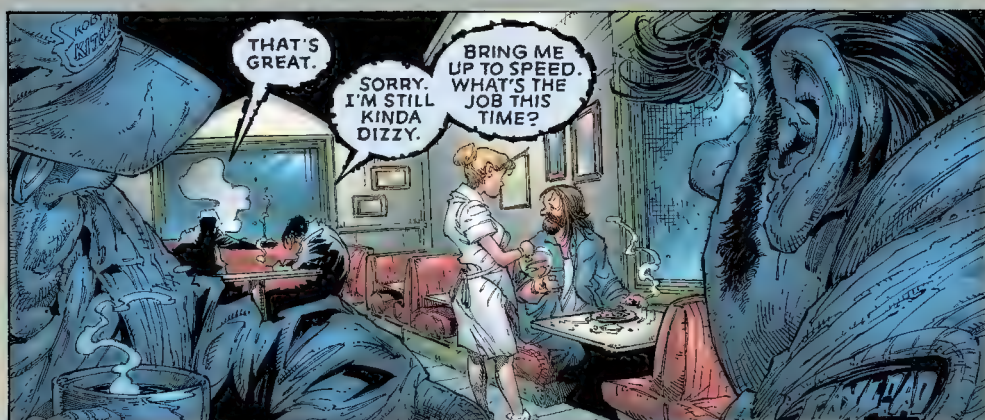


YEAH. AT LEAST THE FOOD SMELLS BETTER. NOT AS ROTTEN, AND THERE'S NO PLAGUE. JEEZ, REMEMBER THE PLAGUE? BODIES PILED UP IN THE STREET, TEN DEEP? THAT WAS A MESS.

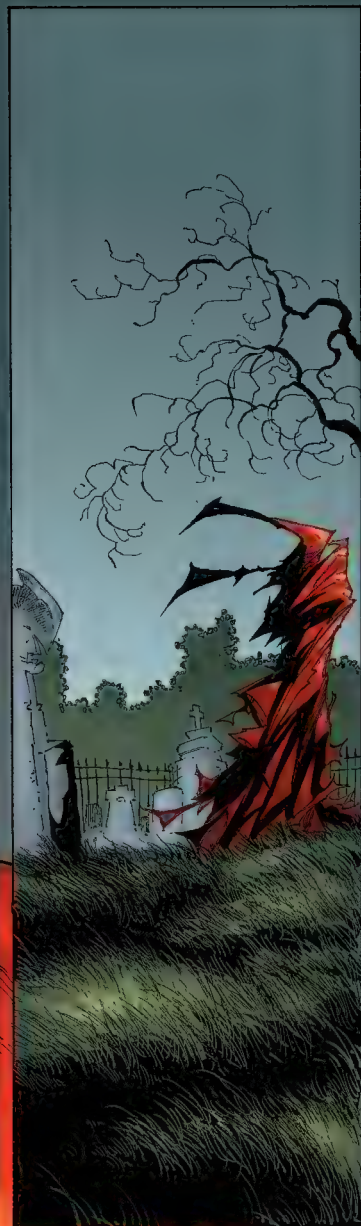
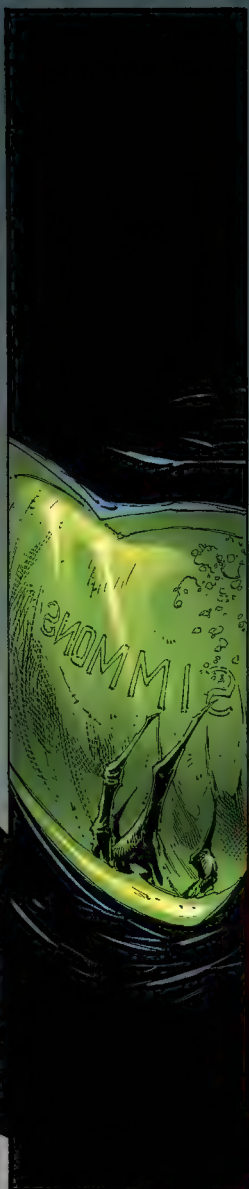
I KIND OF LIKED THE PLAGUE.

YOU WOULD.









"REST  
IN PEACE."  
EASIER SAID  
THAN DONE,  
ISN'T IT?"



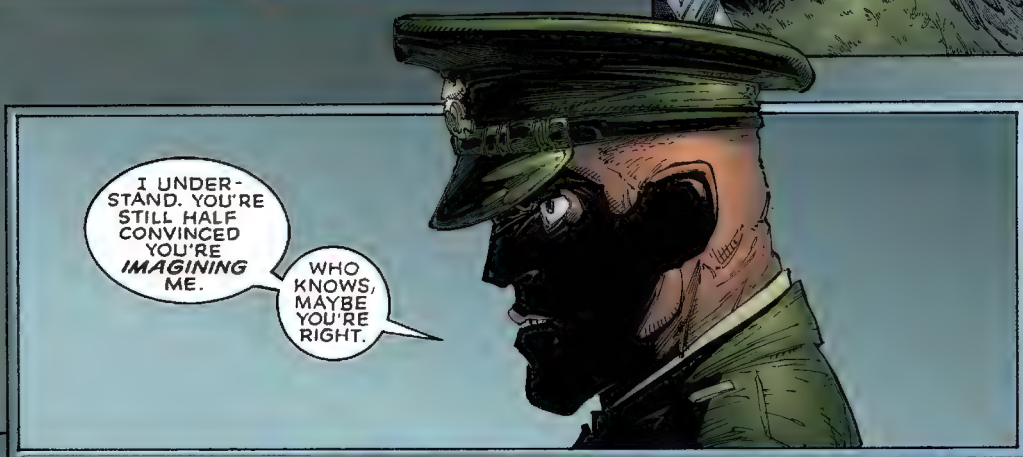


AT EASE,  
SOLDIER.



SO  
YOU  
WANT TO  
TELL ME  
WHAT'S  
ON YOUR  
MIND?  
Hmmm?

NO?




I UNDER-  
STAND. YOU'RE  
STILL HALF  
CONVINCED  
YOU'RE  
*IMAGINING*  
ME.

WHO  
KNOWS,  
MAYBE  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT.



YOU'VE BEEN  
PRETTY SHAKEN UP  
LATELY. LET'S FACE  
IT, YOU'RE LOSING  
*TOUCH* WITH THINGS,  
AREN'T YOU?





THAT'S  
OKAY. YOU  
DON'T HAVE  
TO ANSWER.  
I KNOW HOW  
IT IS.

REMEMBER  
HUMPING THROUGH  
A JUNGLE IN  
SOUTHEAST ASIA,  
SO THICK THAT EVEN  
IN YOUR DREAMS ALL  
YOU COULD SEE  
WAS **GREEN**?

WHEN  
YOU'RE SO  
DEEP IN SLOP  
AND YOU CAN'T  
TRUST THE  
PEOPLE WHO  
SENT YOU THERE,  
AND YOU SURE AS  
HELL CAN'T  
TRUST THE ONES  
HIDING ON THE  
OTHER SIDE  
OF THOSE  
TREES...

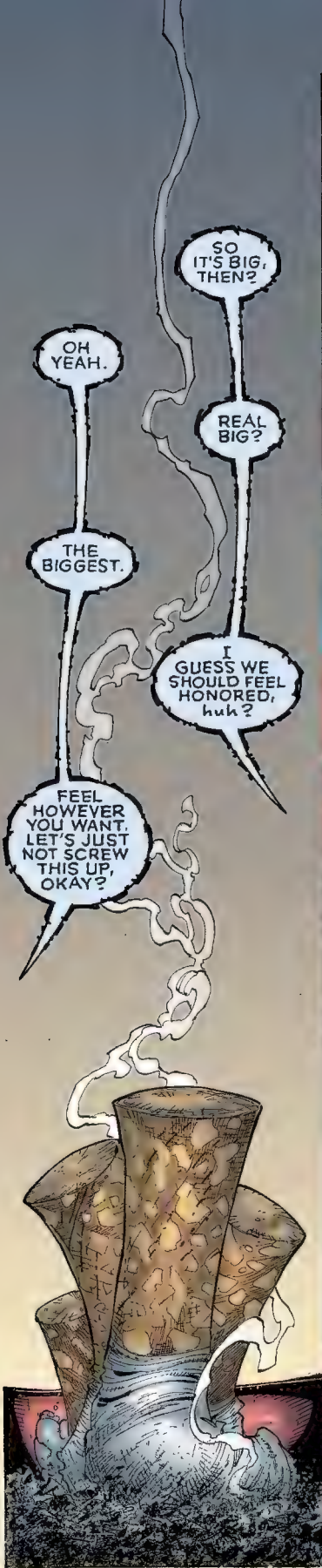
THE  
WORLD GETS  
TURNED UPSIDE  
DOWN AND YOU  
CAN'T WORK OUT  
WHO THE GOOD  
GUYS ARE ANY-  
MORE. HELL,  
MAYBE THERE  
NEVER WERE  
ANY GOOD  
GUYS.

I'M NOT  
GOING TO LIE TO  
YOU, SOLDIER. THINGS  
ARE GOING TO GET VERY  
**HOT** VERY FAST AND  
THERE'S NOT A LOT  
YOU CAN DO  
ABOUT IT.

EXCEPT  
MAYBE KEEP  
YOUR HEAD  
DOWN AND DO  
YOUR BEST TO  
SURVIVE.

MAKES  
FOR A  
LONELY  
WORLD,  
DOESN'T  
IT?





OH  
YEAH.

SO  
IT'S BIG,  
THEN?

REAL  
BIG?

THE  
BIGGEST.

I  
GUESS WE  
SHOULD FEEL  
HONORED,  
huh?

FEEL  
HOWEVER  
YOU WANT.  
LET'S JUST  
NOT SCREW  
THIS UP,  
OKAY?

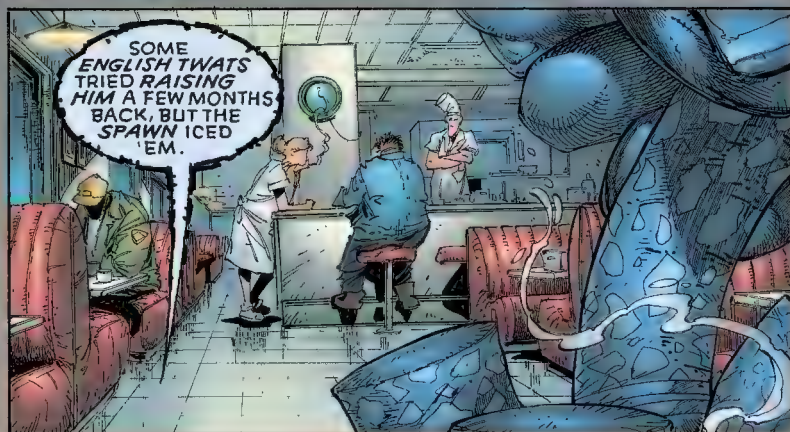


NO ONE  
KNOWS WE'RE  
HERE. IF ANYONE  
FINDS OUT, IT'LL  
COME DOWN REAL  
BAD.

EXACTLY.

SO  
WE'RE LIKE,  
COVERT,  
RIGHT?

AND  
WE'RE  
THE FIRST  
ONES ON  
THE JOB?



SOME  
ENGLISH TWATS  
TRIED RAISING  
HIM A FEW MONTHS  
BACK, BUT THE  
SPAWN ICED  
'EM.



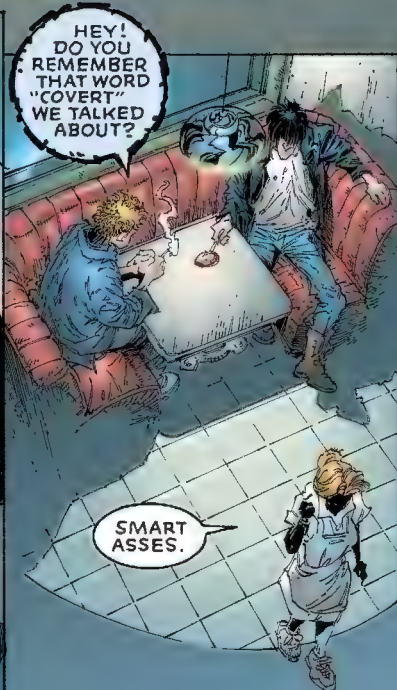
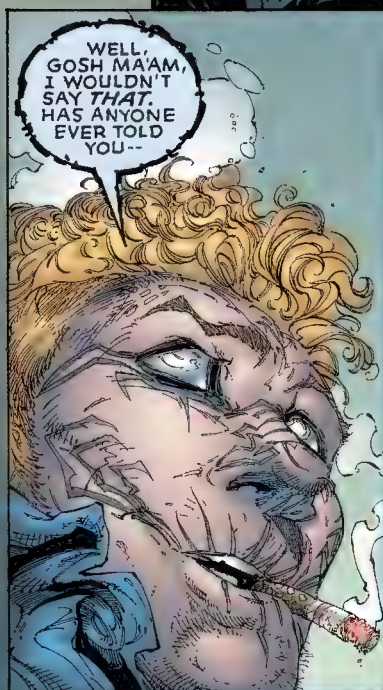
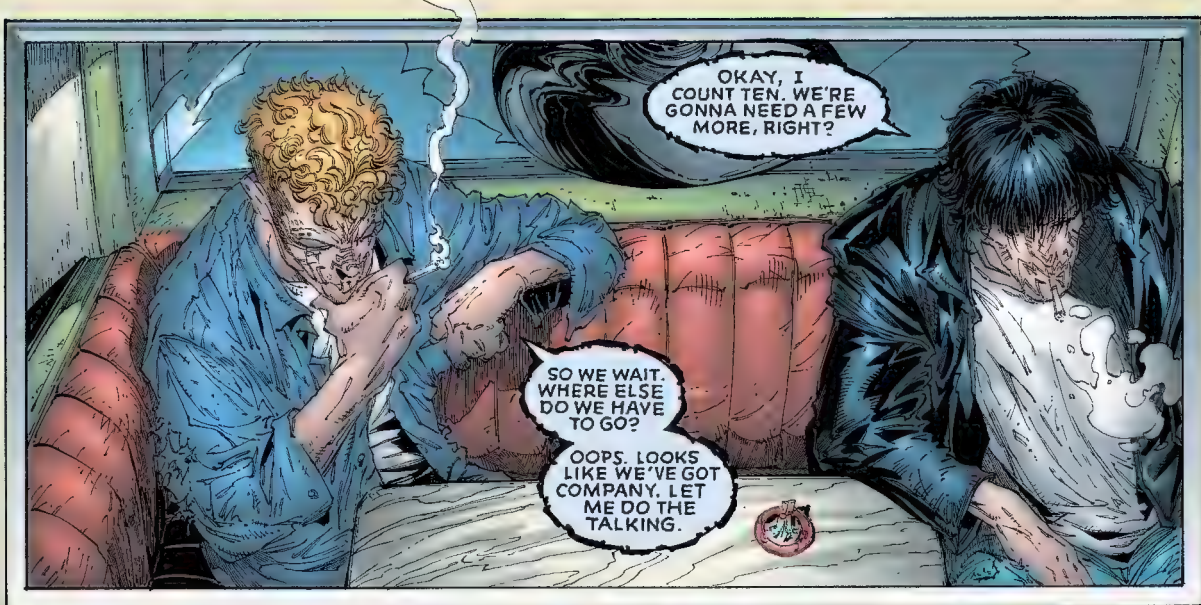
HE'S BEEN A BUSY BOY  
LATELY, HASN'T HE?

YEP.

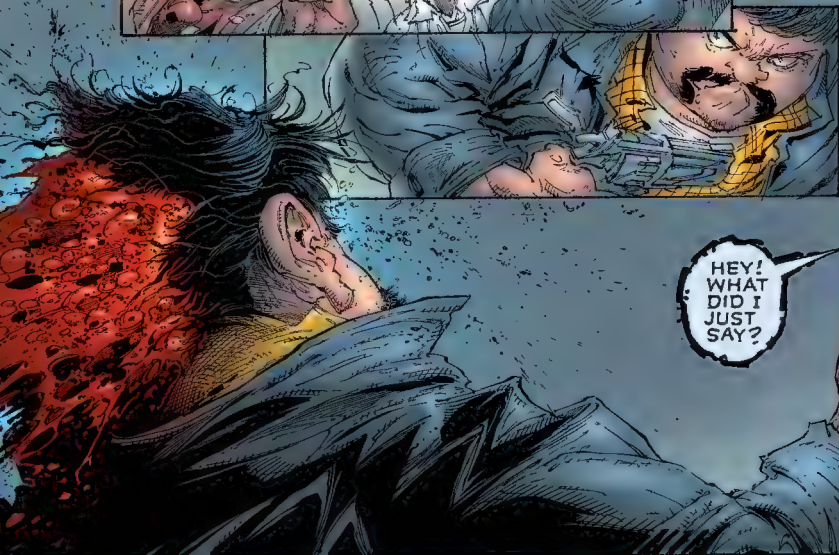
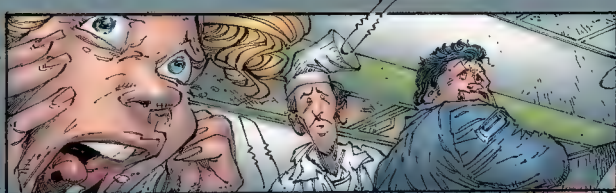
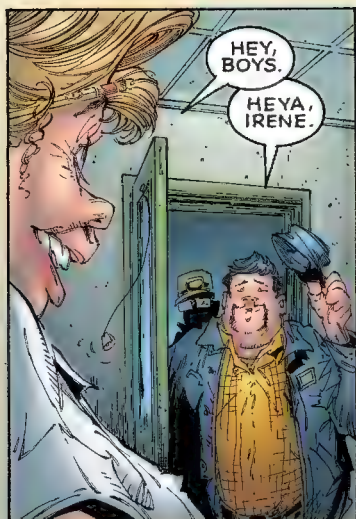
A REAL  
SHOW-OFF. AS  
I RECALL, THE  
BOSS DOESN'T  
CARE FOR  
SHOW-OFFS.

GOT  
THAT RIGHT.  
WHICH IS WHY  
WE HAVE TO  
LAY LOW.

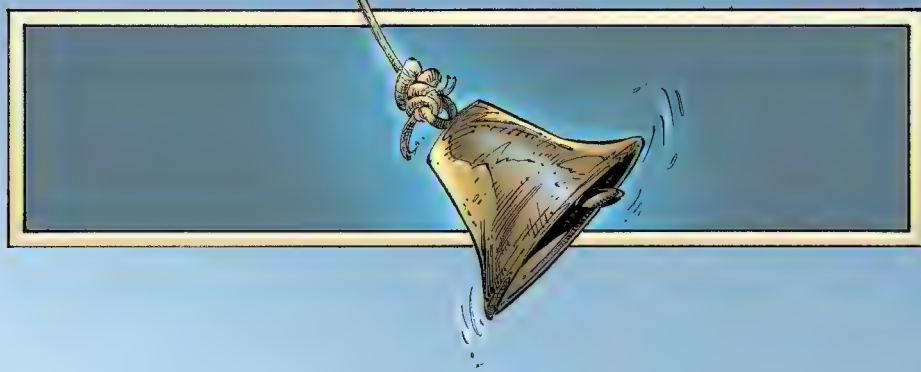
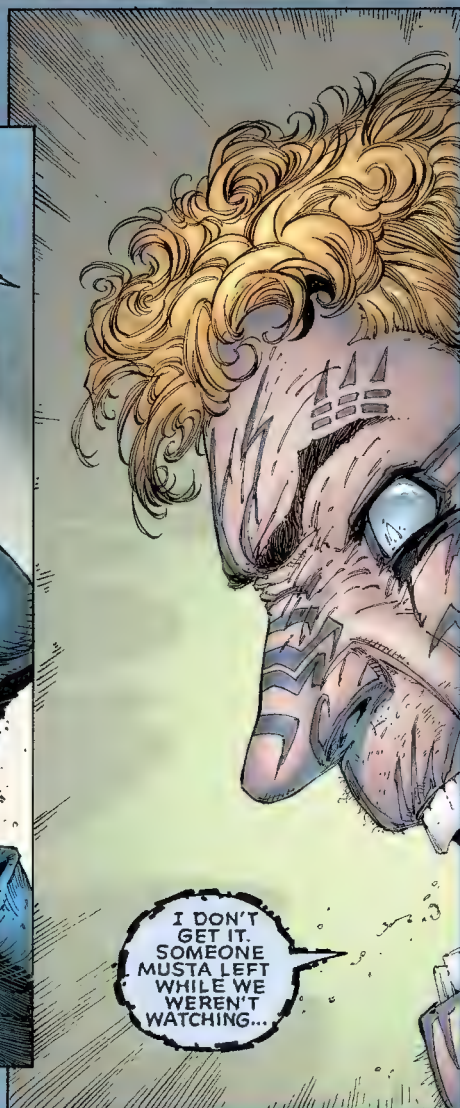




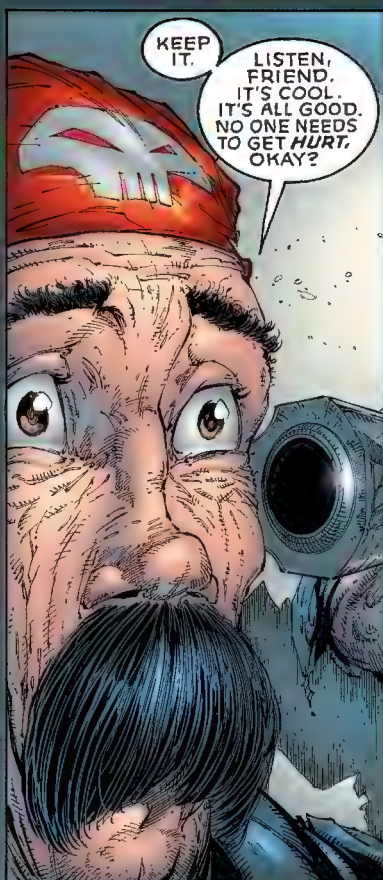
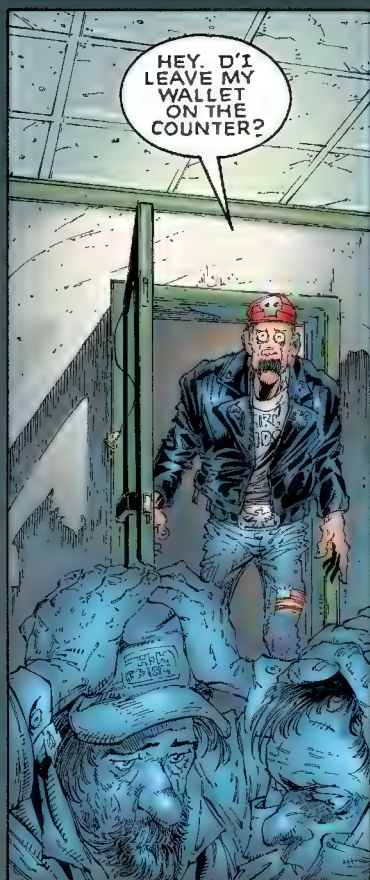
















NOW  
AIN'T  
THAT A  
SIGHT.



DAMN!  
THIS  
FEELS  
GOOD!

I KNOW.  
MY HANDS ARE  
SHAKING. I CAN'T  
BELIEVE WE'RE  
REALLY DOING  
THIS!



SO YOU WANNA  
DO THE HONORS?

NAH. THAT'S  
OKAY. YOU  
DO IT.

C'MON.  
I INSIST.



WHOOO!  
A THING  
OF BEAUTY,  
AIN'T IT?



"YEAH. I'M  
GETTING  
ALL CHOKED  
UP INSIDE."







SOME-  
THING'S  
HAPPENING.  
IT HAS  
STARTED.



THIS  
IS IT,  
SOLDIER.  
THERE'S NO  
TURNING  
BACK  
NOW.



DON'T LET  
THE BASTARDS  
MESS WITH YOUR  
HEAD. REMEMBER,  
THERE'S ONLY ONE  
PERSON YOU  
ANSWER TO  
AND THAT'S  
**YOU.**



GOOD  
LUCK,  
SOLDIER.  
MAKE US  
**PROUD.**



ONE  
WAY OR  
ANOTHER,  
I'LL SEE YOU  
ON THE  
OTHER  
SIDE.





"DON'T MAKE ME  
COME DOWN THERE..."  
- GOD.





TO BE  
CONTINUED...





Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE